

# UNION FLAG.



VOLUME I.

JONESBOROUGH, TENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1865.

NUMBER 27.

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of Cumberland,  
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PLEASE GIVE US A CALL. [June2-15]

**J. L. ROSS,**  
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**THE UNION FLAG.**  
Jonesborough, November 17, 1865.

**G. E. GRISHAM,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

**Terms.**  
The Union Flag will be published every Friday Morning, on the following terms:  
One copy, per year, \$3 00  
Six months, 2 00  
Single copy, 10 cents.

No attention will be paid to orders for the paper, unless accompanied by the CASH.  
Advertisements will be charged \$1 50 per square, (ten lines or less,) for the first insertion, and 75 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES—For County offices, \$5 00; State, \$10 00.  
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## POETRY.

### The Baby Soldier.

Another little private  
Mustered in  
The army of temptation  
And of sin.

Another soldier arming  
For the strife,  
To fight the tollsome battles  
Of life.

Another little sentry,  
Who will stand  
On guard, while evils prowl  
On every hand.

Lord, our little darling  
Guide and save,  
Mid the perils of the march  
To the grave! [Pacific Monthly.]

Twenty-four Hours with an Old  
Foggy Circuit-Rider—By one who  
Keeps his Eyes open.

[See the East Tennessee Union Flag.]

Not many years since, I happened to be thrown into the society of one of those ministers of the Gospel, belonging to the M. E. Church, who prides themselves upon their good looks and genteel appearance, and who strive rather to make themselves agreeable, than to rebuke sin, and prefer ease in Zion, to the arduous duties that sometimes devolve upon those who preach the Gospel of Him "who went about doing good." In the course of the conversation, it was remarked that the circuit riders, in the rugged portions of Tennessee, had taken upon themselves rather an unthankful calling. "Oh," replied the young Divine, "we always put some 'Old Foggy' on the back-wood circuits, they do well enough where people lack refinement." Being somewhat curious to see one of these "old Fogys," I endeavored to get a description of one from the Rev. "Self Importance," but failed to do so, but in a short time after, my wishes were realized. Having occasion to make an excursion through a portion of the mountains of East Tennessee, I accidentally fell in company with a middle-aged gentleman, who, from his appearance, might have been taken for a well-to-do farmer, or any thing else than a preacher of the Gospel; he was dressed in a suit of homespun, coarse, but scrupulously neat and clean. The usual courtesies of travelers having passed between us, I was not long in finding out the calling of my companion *du voyage*, which was nothing more nor less than that of a Methodist Circuit-rider. Now, methought, I have a good opportunity of getting acquainted with one of the old Fogys in his native element.—After riding several miles,

"I began to feel, as well I might, The keen demands of appetite."

and remarked to my fellow traveler, that it was getting near "lunch time," but saw no prospect of meeting with a farm-house where we could find "entertainment for man or beast," he replied, that a short distance ahead was a place where he usually took a lunch, and would be happy to have the join him; I assented and began to picture to myself some farmer's table, well supplied with the creature comforts of life, but judge of my surprise, when, on approaching one of those clear and gushing springs, so common in this "Switzerland of America," to see the old Foggy deliberately dismount and take the saddle from his horse and turn him loose to crop the mountain grass, that grew so luxuriantly around this natural fountain, at the same time inviting me to do the same. After having refreshed himself with a copious draught from the spring that gushed forth from the lime-stone ledge before us, he proceeded to spread his lunch, which, as I judged from the size of his saddle-pockets, would rival the well filled "Alforjas" of Irving on his trip to the *Alhambra*—the first thing that met my sight was a Bible and Hymn book that evidently had seen service; next, he produced a "hoe-cake" and a piece of cheese, then opening the Bible, he read a few verses and having sung a verse or two of a familiar hymn he reverently asked a blessing, thanking the Giver of all good for the food before him. It had been my lot to be present when the tables were loaded with all the luxuries and delicacies, that heart could wish, and had thought that nothing was more appropriate than asking God's blessing before partaking of the sumptuous repast. Again I had gathered around the table of the farmer, whose table was well supplied with the comforts of life, the productions of his own labor, and thought, I knew the reason why he should thank God for the enjoyment of the fruits of his labor, but never did I realize the full meaning of that portion of the Lord's Prayer, which says, "Give us this day our daily bread," until I heard this "Old Foggy" thank God for the food before him—if nothing else would have induced me to accept the proffered food, simple and plain as it was, a sense of politeness on my part and the sincerity of the old Foggy, would have induced me to join in the repast, but after listening to the devotions of my Foggy friend, I really thought a relish was given to the simple fare, that otherwise it would have lacked. After partaking of our refreshments and giving our horses a little time to graze, we proceeded on our journey, the Old Foggy remarking that he had an appointment a few miles further on, and invited me to stop during the exercise, and being curious to see more of the Foggy ways of the Preacher, I gladly assented to become one of his hearers. We soon arrived at the Church which consisted of a small log house, about twelve feet by twenty, without windows and only benches for speaker and hearers. The congregation had already gathered, numbering about thirty persons of both sexes, from the neighboring mountain glens all dressed in homespun.

The "old Foggy" took his text from that verse in Revelations, where it says: "There are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" but it will take an abler pen than mine to describe the effect produced on the minds of the little audience, when the old Foggy, in his earnest and impressive manner, exhorted his hearers to be of that number, who would have their "robes made white in the blood of the Lamb." Not a dry eye could be seen in the assembly—having closed his sermon, the old Foggy held a class-meeting, (a peculiarity of that class of circuit riders.) Not a person left the house, and as he conversed with one and another with a word of exhortation for some, and a reproof for those who did not evince a hope, "both sure and steadfast." I began to think that some reply must be given by myself, and I could not equivocate, after listening to the sermon just delivered, nor could I say that I was unconcerned. While revolving in my mind what to say, the old Foggy approached, and laying his hand gently on my head, he repeated these words, "may you be one of those who come out of great tribulation, having your robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, be the earnest and sincere prayer of your humble speaker." This short, but touching appeal to my better nature, produced such an impression upon my mind as only an old Foggy could produce, and which will not be effaced while the "lamp of life holds out to burn."

After closing the services, the old Foggy took from his capacious saddle-pockets, a bundle of tracts and distributed them among the crowd, (another characteristic of old Foggy's.) To a young lady he gave that old tract the "Dairyman's Daughter"—to a young man, the "Swearer's Prayer." The old Foggy appeared to understand each individual case, and gave to each, a tract adapted to their situation, and after shaking hands affectionately with those around him, he again mounted his horse, and started on his errand of mercy. Our next stopping place was at the house of a lady, one of the members of his church, who was lying at the point of death. On approaching the bed side of the dying woman, she made an effort to sit up, but being too much exhausted, her attendants propped her up with pillows while she addressed the old Foggy. "Bro L.," said she, "fifteen years ago at—camp ground I was convicted of my sins and led to the foot of the cross through the instrumentality of your preaching, and I have, since that time, endeavored to live the life of a Christian in my weak and feeble way, and now by the grace of God I can almost see Heaven, and bowing submissively to him who doeth all things well, I can, and have bid farewell to husband, children, and oh! Bro L., I have prayed that my poor life might be prolonged till I could take the hand of my old pastor and thank him for the good counsels he has given me during my Christian life. God has seen fit to answer my prayer and now I can die in peace."

The old Foggy then joined in prayer with the dying woman, and while all knelt around the bed of death, no sound could be heard except the voice of the man of God, save sobs of the grief-stricken husband and heart-broken children. The dying saint whose sands of life had nearly run out lay with her hands folded across her breast, and eyelids closed, calmly waiting for the summons that should waft her disembodied spirit to the portals of the blessed. At the close of the prayer the old Foggy took the hand of the sainted being for the last time, and bidding her a final farewell, we again took the road across the mountain to his next appointment. For some miles we rode in silence, and I could see the tears coursing down the cheeks of the old Foggy as perhaps his thoughts reverted to the death bed scene we had just left, and no wonder that the old Foggy could not repress those tears as he thought of the dying testimony of that Christian woman, whose soul in a few short hours would be in the presence of that God who judgeth the quick and the dead and whose ransomed spirit, would add one more star to that crown that would be his when he should finish his course on earth and should be permitted to join the ransomed throng who surround the throne of Jehovah, the Lord of Lords and King of Kings. And I could not but envy the old Foggy as he beheld the inward joy that his countenance expressed as he thus meditated upon the privations and trials he had undergone, and the reward that was in store for him when he should be called hence and meet the pure spirit, who perhaps ere then had passed the portals of bliss and had taken her place with that throng who had come out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

After riding several miles, we arrived at the house of one of the old Foggy's church members where he proposed to stop for the night, at the same time inviting me to alight and share the hospitalities of its inmates, simply remarking that I need make no excuses as his friends were sure to meet with the same cordial reception as himself. The good man of the house met us at the gate and invited us to walk in with that honest sincerity of heart that ignores those conventionalities of etiquette and politeness which go so far in making up the sum total of what the beamonde call the rule of politeness. But the old Foggy insisted on seeing his horse cared for first, and instead of leaving the beast to be unsaddled by his generous host, he assisted in feeding and watering the faithful animal so necessary to the performance of his labors. On entering the house instead of requiring the attention of the household, he seemed to avoid giving unnecessary trouble and made himself as it were, one of the family, after partaking of the plain but substantial fare of the mountain farmer. The old family Bible was brought out and the old Foggy read the parable of the sower, accompanying with a sort of conversational lecture, in which way the evening passed off so imperceptibly, that ere we were aware of it, the clock struck the hour of nine, when after the usual devotional exercises the family retired for the night. The next morning as our routes lay in different directions soon after leaving our kind-hearted host, we bade each other good bye and the old Foggy in doing so, expressed the hope that, if we should never meet again in this world, that it might be our happy lot to meet in that happy world beyond the skies, where parting should be no more, and sin and sorrow never entered. This is my twenty-four hours with a veritable old Foggy—and after all, I am not so sure but that the institution is a good one, if it is confined to the "backwoods." I left him with the resolution that, God being my helper, I would be a better man.

**Death of Col. Wm. Homer.**  
[See the East Tennessee Union Flag.]  
Wm. Homer of Knoxville, Tenn., who was the agent for renting abandoned lands in this section was drowned at Hart's Ford, in Carter County on the 8th inst., while endeavoring to cross the river, horse-back. Mr. Homer has administered the duties of his office to the entire satisfaction of all concerned; he was a man of noble character, of pious and virtuous habits, of inflexible integrity, and in fact all the elements that characterize a most perfect gentleman, were to be seen in him.—It was ever his pride to render to the needy, and helpless, and all favors in his power. Many a penniless mother within our mountain glens will reverse his memory as one who furnished them homes and shelter from the pelting rains and howling storms, to the exclusion of those who were leagued in that conspiracy which entailed so much misery throughout our once happy country, and oft times will his many friends in and around our little village think of him as a "patriot whose sun has set," as one whose pleasant gaze will meet them no more amid this earthly scenery. How solemn the reality that hundreds of our loved friends and associates are daily passing into the grave, and from their silent chambers comes the awful admonition, beware! for in the midst of life you are in death! Yes, death is inevitable, as is authenticated by the universal experience of all men in all times—it is an adverse destiny with which every child of humanity has to grapple sooner or later. Death is one of the great facts of our being—a law of our nature—and however solemn may be the thought, or gloomy the reflection it must soon with every one of us come to this; even this at last. Is it, we sometimes cannot help asking—is it true of our much loved friends on earth that death is the dark and inevitable

lot of them all? Then, from a thousand tombs—from the slumbering ashes of the friends we have lost—from the gloomy lessons of buried centuries—and the dead dust of ages, comes the melancholy response, it is not only a doom the past has braved, but as certainly one that the future shall. "Generation after generation, is found successfully placing by unerring transmission—the keys of the tomb in his proud and conquering hand," knowing then, that death is the great antagonist of man, we should feel at every step, that we live in the shadow of the future, and that life itself, is but the journal of death, and that we are at best, but mourners in the funeral train, and death is treading our wasting hearts, while no sound is heard from his foot-steps. And feeling then, that death is unavoidable, how important it is that we shape our course after him whose spirit has so recently and unexpectedly passed the portals of life and gone to add one more to those majestic ranks which surround the great white throne above, to live in perfect happiness that life unmeasured by the flight of years.

Thus our Friends,  
"Have passed from our hearts—  
They have crossed the stream, and are gone for aye,  
We cannot under the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of Day,  
We only know that their bark no more,  
Shall sail with ours, on life's stormy sea,  
Yet, somehow I hope on this unseen shore,  
They watch and beckon, and wait for me."  
N. G.

### Senator Patterson, of Tennessee.

From the Memphis Bulletin, Oct. 23.  
Hon. D. T. Patterson, United States Senator from Tennessee was long known in the Eastern division of the State as an unpretending, honest, clear-headed Circuit Judge. He stood aloof from all partisan conflicts, and devoted himself to his duties as a jurist.—When the rebellion was inaugurated, Judge Patterson did nothing more than continue to discharge his accustomed duties. He sat upon the bench as naturally, and not more culpably, than the neighboring farmer, a Unionist, stood at the plough handles. He assented in practice to a power he could not resist. If any one believed that Judge Patterson was a rebel, he need only refer to the Knoxville Register of 1861-2, in which appear sundry dispositions of Patterson's "infidelity." Patterson held the office of Judge for his own and the benefit of men concurring with him in sentiment. Hence the complaints of the Register. We remember these facts and hope that some East Tennessean will re-produce copies of the Register of the years mentioned. Patterson's name often appears in that defunct newspaper.

Judge Patterson is an industrious, thoughtful man, of unimpeachable integrity, of great industry, and thoroughly conversant with the interests of his State. He is generous to a fault, in thought and act. No citizen of Tennessee, Rebel or Unionist, has ever applied in vain to Judge Patterson for assistance, for any commendable purpose. His integrity is spotless, and we must be permitted to condemn, as it deserves, the foul aspersion sought to be fastened upon his reputation by the Chicago Tribune and those who now charge that he has played falsely either to the South or North. He was true to himself and his convictions of duty. For this, neither South nor North can esteem him less.

### Order from Gen. Howard.

Gen. Howard issued on the 24th ult., a circular to the officers and agents of the Freedman's Bureau in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. He says he wishes to restore confidence between the property holders and the colored laborers, and exhorts the avoidance of all offensive expressions in letters and reports, of angry debates and important speeches, and caution on the part of officers not to give way to anger at the temper of the white inhabitants. He adds:

A true friendliness to the freedman demands that they be taught to look to the property holders for employment. The purchase and rental of lands must come from the same source. On the part of the employers, it is equally urgent and important to secure the confidence of the employes. Schools, homesteads, rentals, sales, church privileges, shares in crops, good wages and kind treatment, are inducements that can be offered. Endeavor to convince them of the practicability of these things, where the present circumstances have filled their minds with forebodings of evil, and where old habits make them heartily disbelieve in free labor. Have in mind examples of success, more or less complete. One or two who have worked well for the first year will aid you. It will be sometime before matters will settle so that there will not be jars, quarrels and some acts of violence; but I do not believe this is the general wish or desire of the people, white or black. Our object is to do simple justice, doing every thing we can that will contribute to good order and good government.

**HEATING THE POKER.**—The unreasonable expectation of English capitalists, that the United States Government should, to a certain extent, be responsible for the Confederate bonds, reminds us of Dr. Franklin's story of the Freedman and the poker.

After, with much trouble, heating the poker red hot, the Freedman said to a gentleman—

"Sare, will you let me run this poker six inches into your body?"  
"No, sir—certainly not."  
"Three inches, den?"  
"No, sir."  
"One leetle bit?"  
"No, sir."  
"Den, sare, of course, you will pay me for de trouble and expense in heating de poker!"

Jeff Davis will probably perish "unhonored and unused" but we hope for the sake of the country, not unwearying.

**Success.**  
After all, "nothing does succeed like success." Here we find the London Athenaeum which could never be sufficiently contemptuous towards our armies, now credited with the following notice of Sherman's men, in its issue as one must confess, a little of shooting the mark, if anything:  
"Except the squadrons which charged Worcester and Naseby, no army was ever in the field like that of Sherman. Many in the rank and file were gentlemen; poets, writers, advocates, preachers, bankers, landlords, such men as would mix in London Society, and members of Pall Mall clubs. Many of the cavalry rode their own horses; many of the infantry had bought their own guns. They were persons of estate; accustomed to good houses and rich living. They had friends in high places, and luxurious homes awaiting their return. Some of the best regiments of Massachusetts and Western States were in the camp. And they were strong in number as in spirits; 70,000 fighting men of the best blood of America, counted after all the non-effectives had been left behind. What were they going to do? One thing was clear; they were going to defy all military rules, and at the risk of their own lives to enlarge the art of war."

### Family Courtships.

In the family, the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household and so where else. I have known such men. They are good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house you would have thought that they were angels almost; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the store, or anywhere else out of the house, you would have thought them almost demons. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and am now going to be natural." So we sit down, and we are ugly and encephalic and blunt and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand courtesies that make the roughest fellow smooth, and make the hardest thing like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

### Simon's Wife's Mother.

We have to credit the Independent with a jest. A correspondent, Mr. X., we will say, being on a visit to New York recently decided to go on Sunday morning to hear Rev. Dr. Chapin. To his regret, on arriving at the church, he found not the eminent divine, but a stranger, who preached eloquently from the text, "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." X., thought he would go to Plymouth Church in the afternoon, to hear Mr. Beecher. There he found the same stranger in the pulpit, and again he listened to the expounding of the text, "But Simon's wife lay sick of a fever." Somewhat vexed at his ill success, X., having liberal views, went in the evening to Dr. Osgood's church. What was his astonishment at being compelled to listen again to the now familiar sermon, from the same clergyman. Having occasion next morning to cross the ferry, X., discovered his next neighbor to be the strange preacher, with his sermon under his arm. "I wonder what that ringing can be?" suggested the stranger modestly; as a peal of bells was heard from the opposite shore. "I suspect, returned X., savagely, eyeing the manuscript, 'that Simon's wife's mother must be dead. I heard in several places yesterday that she was very dangerously ill.' The rest of the voyage passed without incident or conversation.

### Artemus Ward on the Negro.

FELDER STEPHENS: The African may be our brother. Sevil hilly respectable gentlemen and sum talented fellows tell us so, and for argument sake I might be induced to grant it, though I don't believe it, myself.—But the African is not our sister, and our wife, and our uncle. He is not sevill of our consins and all of our wife's relations. He is not our grandfather and our aunt's in the country. Scarcely. And yet numerous persons would have us think so. It is true he runs Congress, and avails our grossness. But we've got the African, or he's got us rather; now, what are we going to do about it? He's an orful noosance. Praps he is't to blame for it. Praps he was created for sum wise purpose like Bill Hardin and New England rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's here, and it's a pity he couldn't go orf sum whares quietly by himself, where he could grintly his ambition in varia wase, without havin a eternal fuss kiet up about him.

### Little Children.

I think them the poetry of the world the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes; little creatures, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief we should get on very badly without them. Only think—if there was never any thing to be seen anywhere but grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the barbing and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of fathers to children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and wakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, vivify and sustain the charities of life.

—The waters of the Seine, in consequence of the continued dry weather, have fallen so low that suicide by drowning can only be effected with great difficulty.